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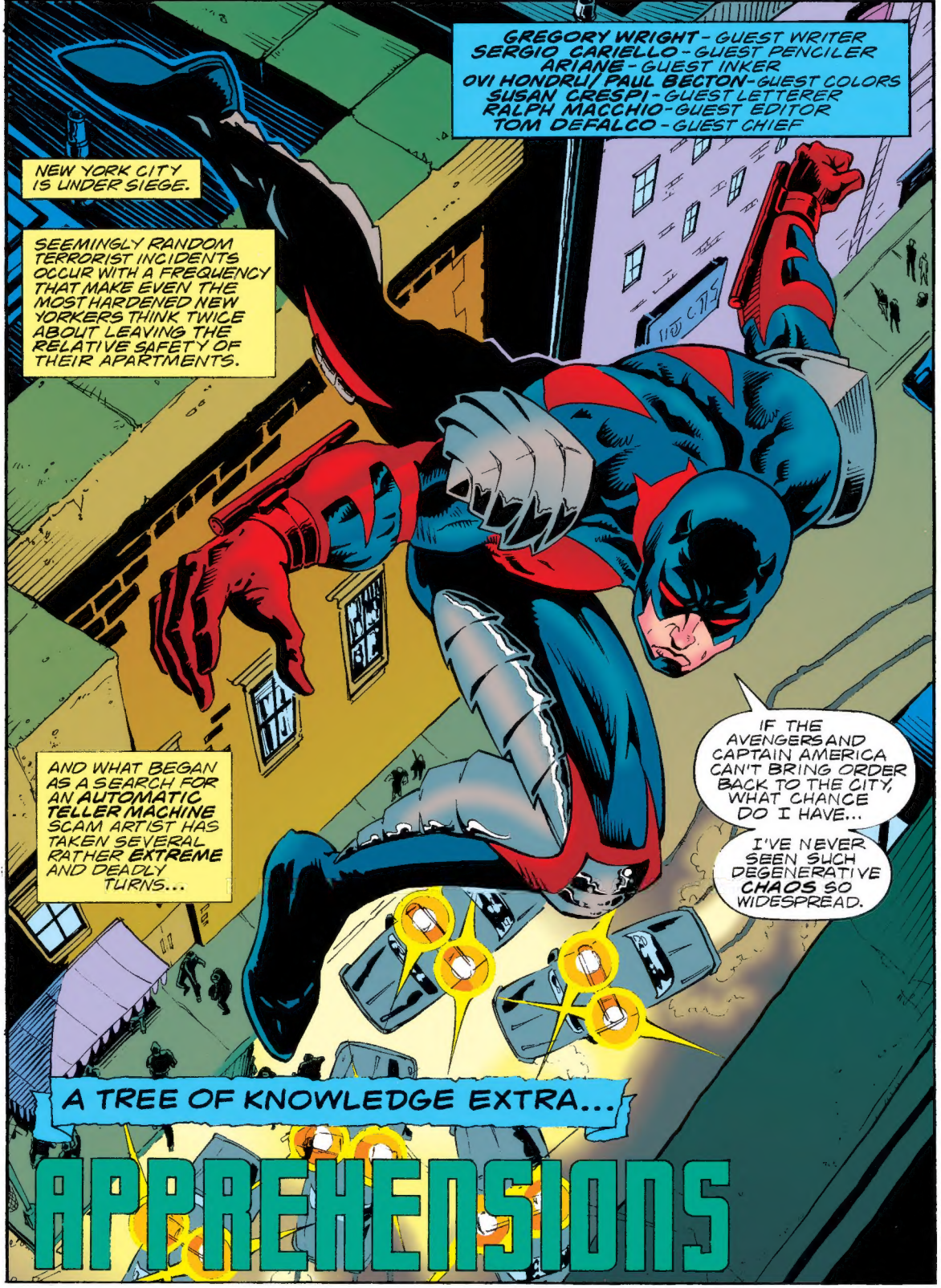
APPROVED  
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# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>

## TREE OF KNOWLEDGE INTERLUDE

McDANIEL



A high-angle, dynamic illustration of Iron Man in flight over a city. He is positioned diagonally across the frame, moving from the upper left towards the lower right. His suit is primarily blue with red and silver accents. He has a determined expression on his face. Below him, the city streets are visible, with cars and buildings. Several yellow starburst effects emanate from the ground below, suggesting explosions or impacts. The overall style is classic comic book art with bold lines and a rich color palette.

GREGORY WRIGHT - GUEST WRITER  
SERGIO CARIELLO - GUEST PENCILER  
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NEW YORK CITY  
IS UNDER SIEGE.

SEEMINGLY RANDOM  
TERRORIST INCIDENTS  
OCCUR WITH A FREQUENCY  
THAT MAKE EVEN THE  
MOST HARDENED NEW  
YORKERS THINK TWICE  
ABOUT LEAVING THE  
RELATIVE SAFETY OF  
THEIR APARTMENTS.

AND WHAT BEGAN  
AS A SEARCH FOR  
AN AUTOMATIC  
TELLER MACHINE  
SCAM ARTIST HAS  
TAKEN SEVERAL  
RATHER EXTREME  
AND DEADLY  
TURNS...

IF THE  
AVENGERS AND  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
CAN'T BRING ORDER  
BACK TO THE CITY,  
WHAT CHANCE  
DO I HAVE...

I'VE NEVER  
SEEN SUCH  
DEGENERATIVE  
CHAOS SO  
WIDESPREAD.

A TREE OF KNOWLEDGE EXTRA...

# APPREHENSIONS





CAPTAIN AMERICA.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT I'D FIND HIM TRYING TO COERCE INFORMATION OUT OF THE SAME PERSON I WAS?

IF HE HADN'T BEEN THERE I WOULD HAVE FOUND OUT HER CONNECTION WITH THE LATE PHREAK AND KNOWBOT.

THE LAYERS OF COMPLEXITY JUST KEEP PILING UP.

SINCLAIR SPECTRUM...

I AIN'T TELLING EITHER OF YOU SQUAT, YOU WANNA LOOK AROUND--GET A SEARCH WARRANT!

I GOT RIGHTS!

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO A LAWYER?

A LAWYER...



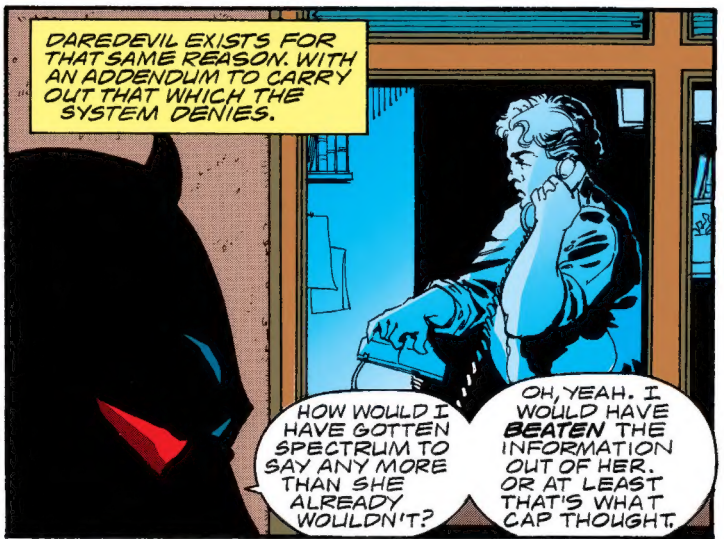


A SENSE OF LOSS SUDDENLY OVERCOMES THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

IT WAS NOT SO LONG AGO THAT HE ABANDONED HIS ALTER EGO, MATT MURDOCK, AND WITH IT, HIS PROFESSION.

HE PRACTICED LAW TO SEE JUSTICE DONE.

DAREDEVIL EXISTS FOR THAT SAME REASON. WITH AN ADDENDUM TO CARRY OUT THAT WHICH THE SYSTEM DENIES.



HOW WOULD I HAVE GOTTEN SPECTRUM TO SAY ANY MORE THAN SHE ALREADY WOULDN'T?

OH, YEAH. I WOULD HAVE **BEATEN** THE INFORMATION OUT OF HER. OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT CAP THOUGHT.



THAT SHOULD HELP ME MAINTAIN THE IMAGE OF BEING A **DIFFERENT** DAREDEVIL.

IF CAPTAIN AMERICA BELIEVES IT, SO WILL THE OTHERS...

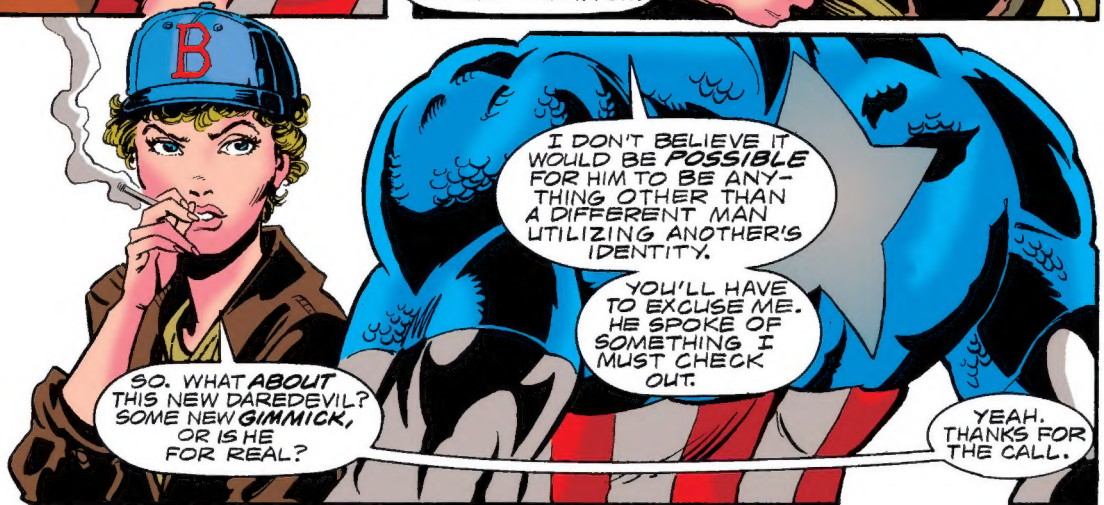
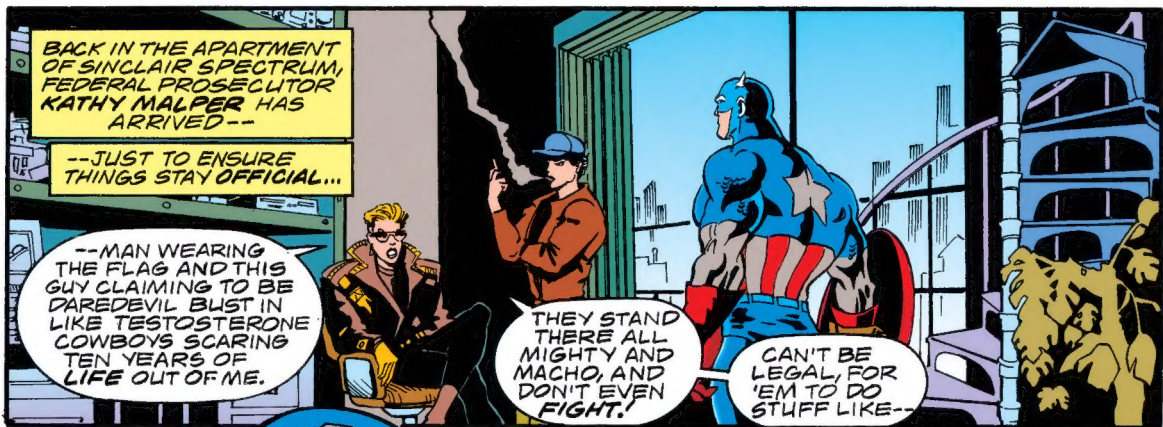


CAP HAS PIECES OF THIS PUZZLE I'M NOT PRIVY TO.

I'D BET HE HAS **SOMETHING** ON THAT AMORPHOUS CREATURE WHO KILLED PHREAK.

I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE REASON I AGREED TO MEET UP WITH HIM LATER...









THE EMPIRE  
STATE  
BUILDING.



WHERE  
PANIC IS  
ABOUT TO  
BECOME AN  
UNDERSTATED  
TERM...



THE  
LIGHTS--

WE'RE  
TRAPPED  
BETWEEN  
FLOORS!

MOMMY!

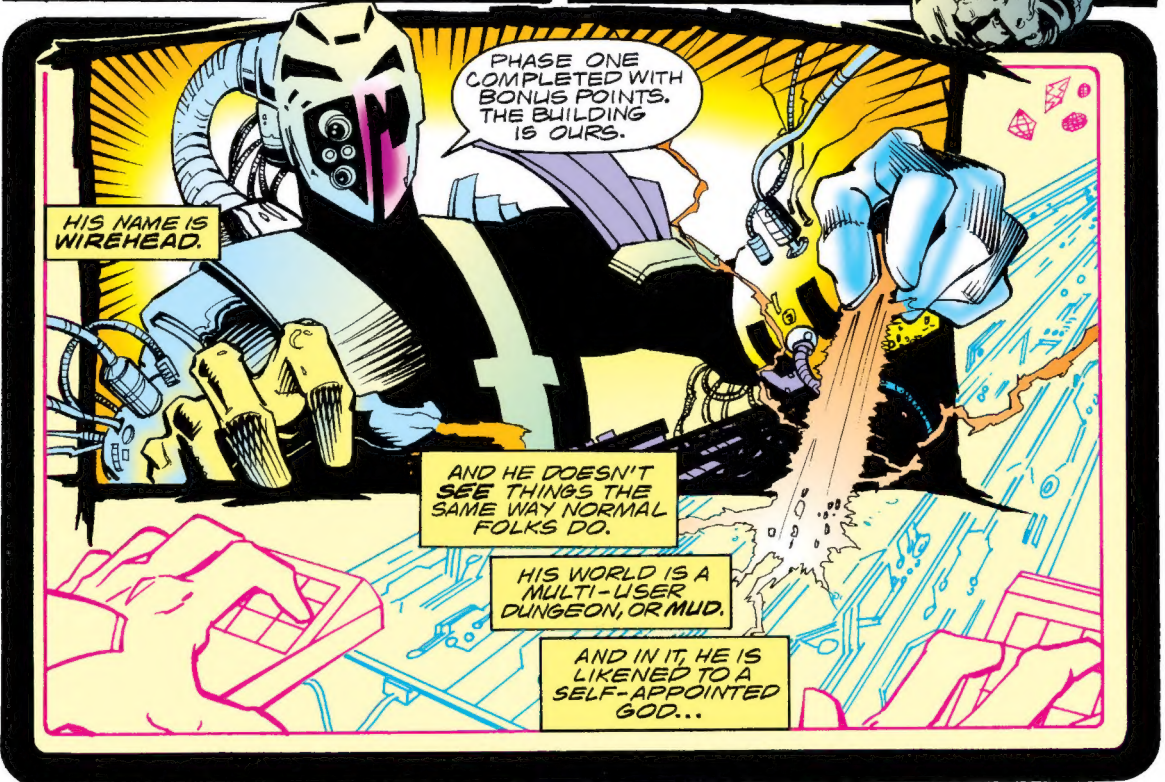


EVERYBODY  
CLEAR OUT,  
NOW!

MOVE  
SLOWLY IN  
THE DARK!



I NOW HAVE  
CONTROL OF ESB  
OPERATING  
SYSTEM.



HIS NAME IS  
WIREHEAD.

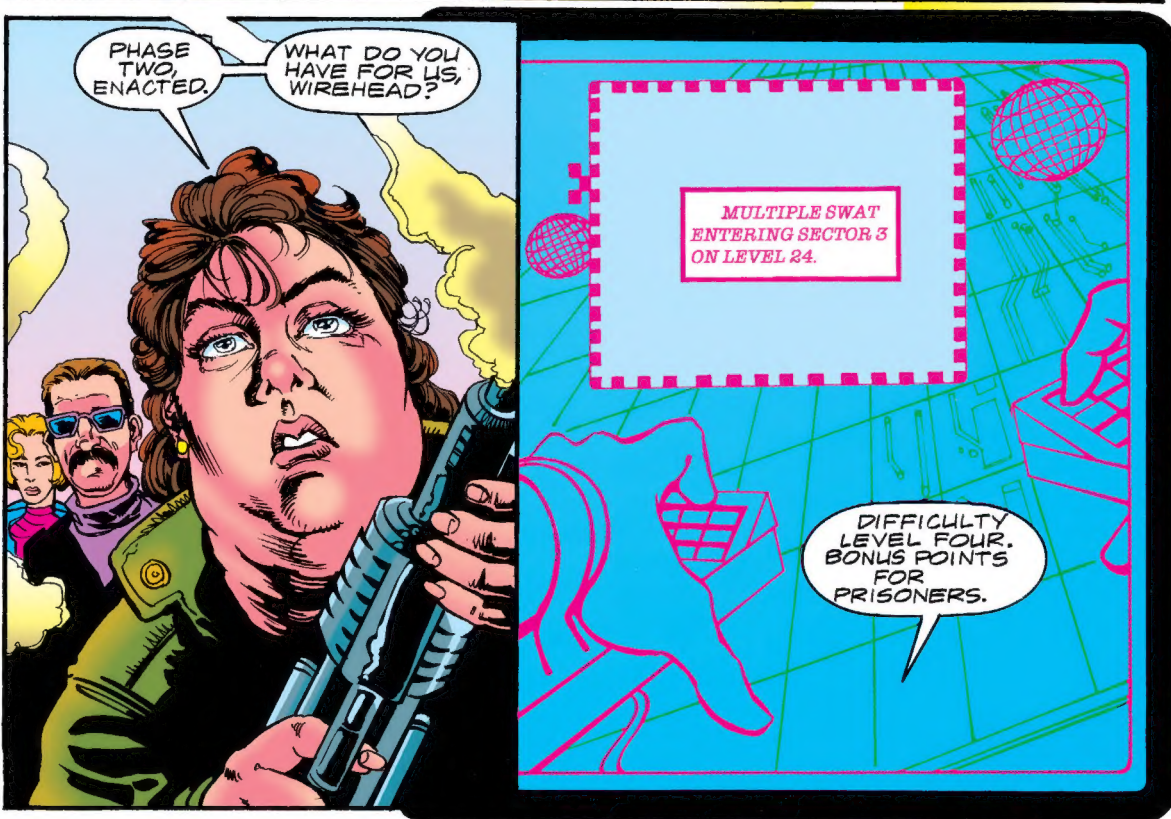
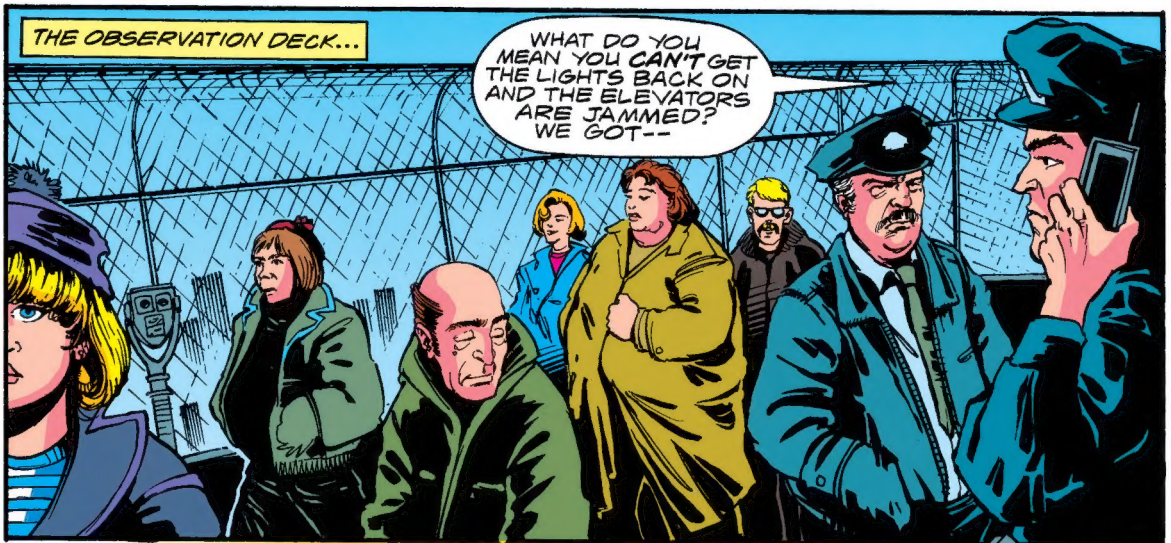
PHASE ONE  
COMPLETED WITH  
BONUS POINTS.  
THE BUILDING  
IS OURS.

AND HE DOESN'T  
SEE THINGS THE  
SAME WAY NORMAL  
FOLKS DO.

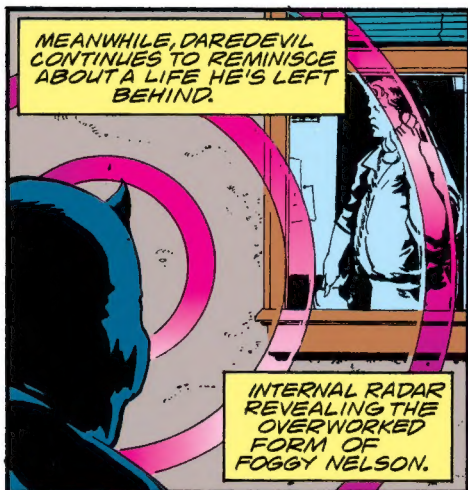
HIS WORLD IS A  
MULTI-USER  
DUNGEON, OR MUD.

AND IN IT, HE IS  
LIKENED TO A  
SELF-APPOINTED  
GOD...

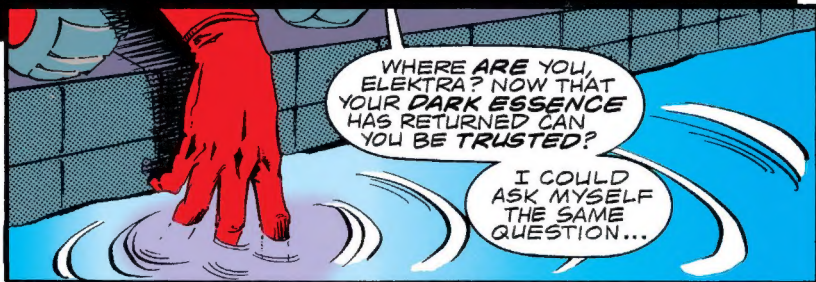
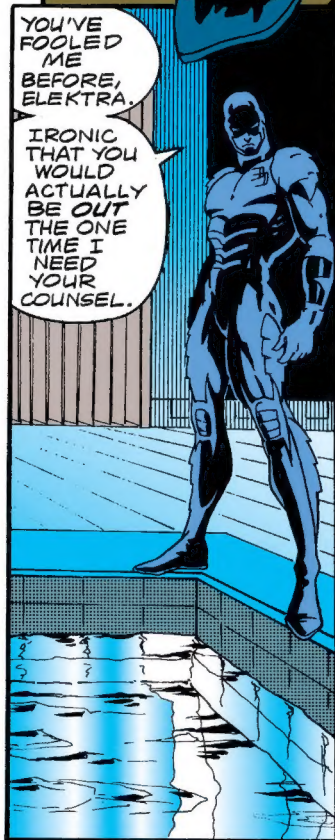




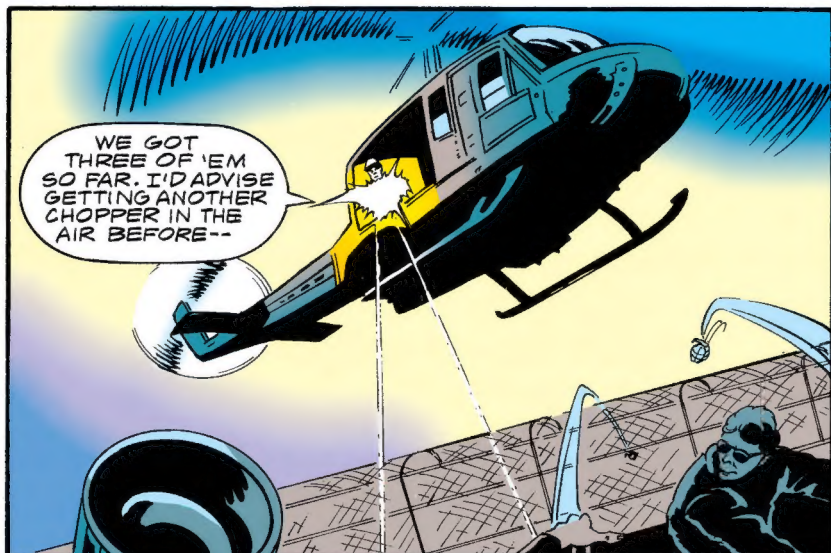




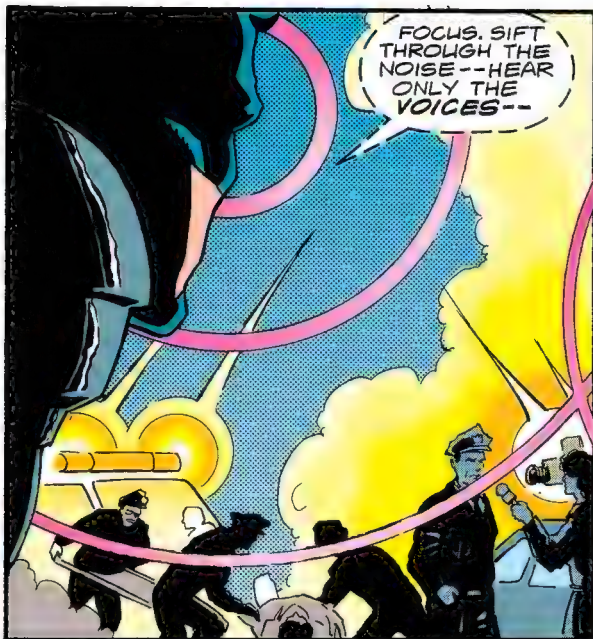




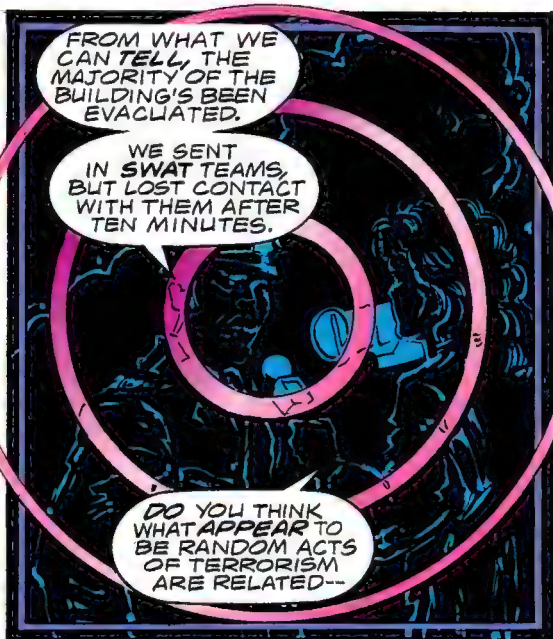








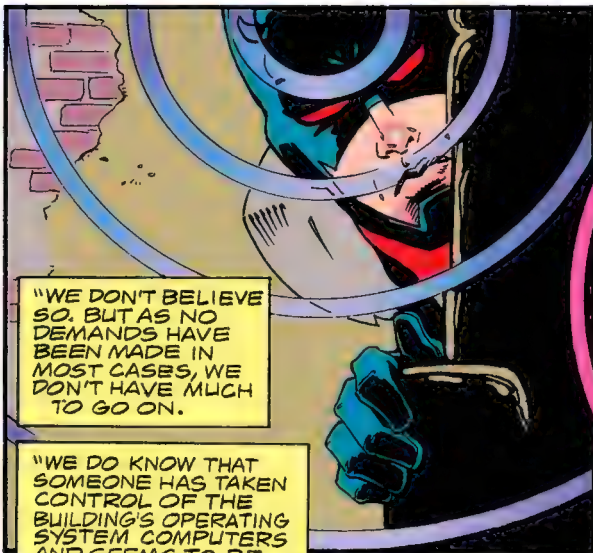
FOCUS. SIFT  
THROUGH THE  
NOISE--HEAR  
ONLY THE  
VOICES--



FROM WHAT WE  
CAN TELL, THE  
MAJORITY OF THE  
BUILDING'S BEEN  
EVACUATED.

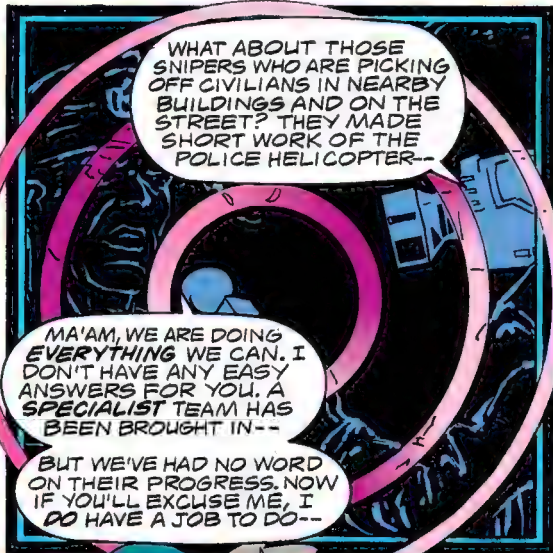
WE SENT  
IN SWAT TEAMS,  
BUT LOST CONTACT  
WITH THEM AFTER  
TEN MINUTES.

DO YOU THINK  
WHAT APPEAR TO  
BE RANDOM ACTS  
OF TERRORISM  
ARE RELATED--



"WE DON'T BELIEVE  
SO. BUT AS NO  
DEMANDS HAVE  
BEEN MADE IN  
MOST CASES, WE  
DON'T HAVE MUCH  
TO GO ON.

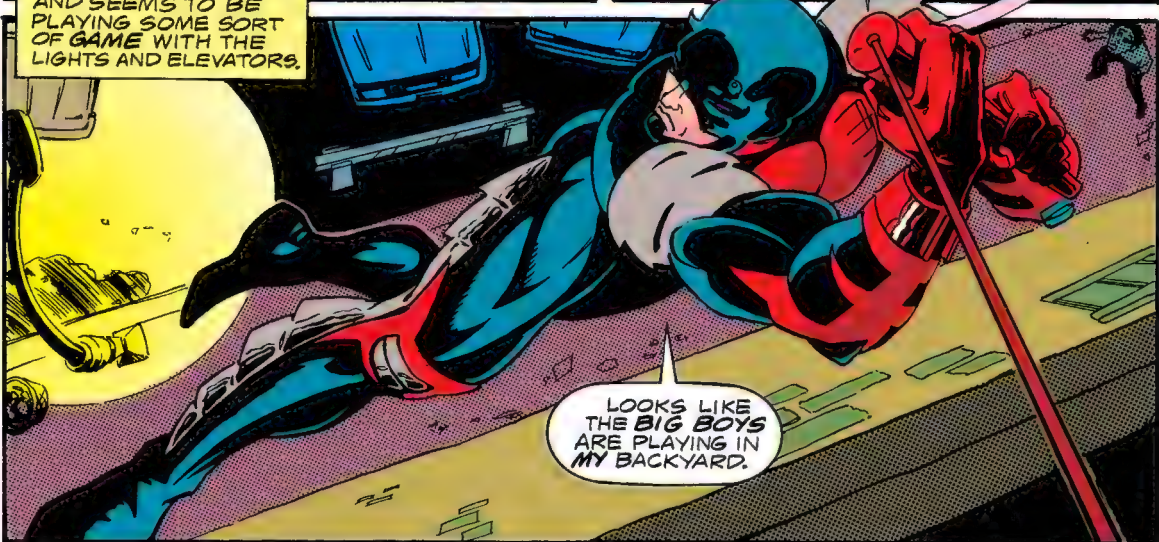
"WE DO KNOW THAT  
SOMEONE HAS TAKEN  
CONTROL OF THE  
BUILDING'S OPERATING  
SYSTEM COMPUTERS  
AND SEEMS TO BE  
PLAYING SOME SORT  
OF GAME WITH THE  
LIGHTS AND ELEVATORS.



WHAT ABOUT THOSE  
SNIPERS WHO ARE PICKING  
OFF CIVILIANS IN NEARBY  
BUILDINGS AND ON THE  
STREET? THEY MADE  
SHORT WORK OF THE  
POLICE HELICOPTER--

MA'AM, WE ARE DOING  
**EVERYTHING** WE CAN. I  
DON'T HAVE ANY EASY  
ANSWERS FOR YOU. A  
SPECIALIST TEAM HAS  
BEEN BROUGHT IN--

BUT WE'VE HAD NO WORD  
ON THEIR PROGRESS. NOW  
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I  
DO HAVE A JOB TO DO--

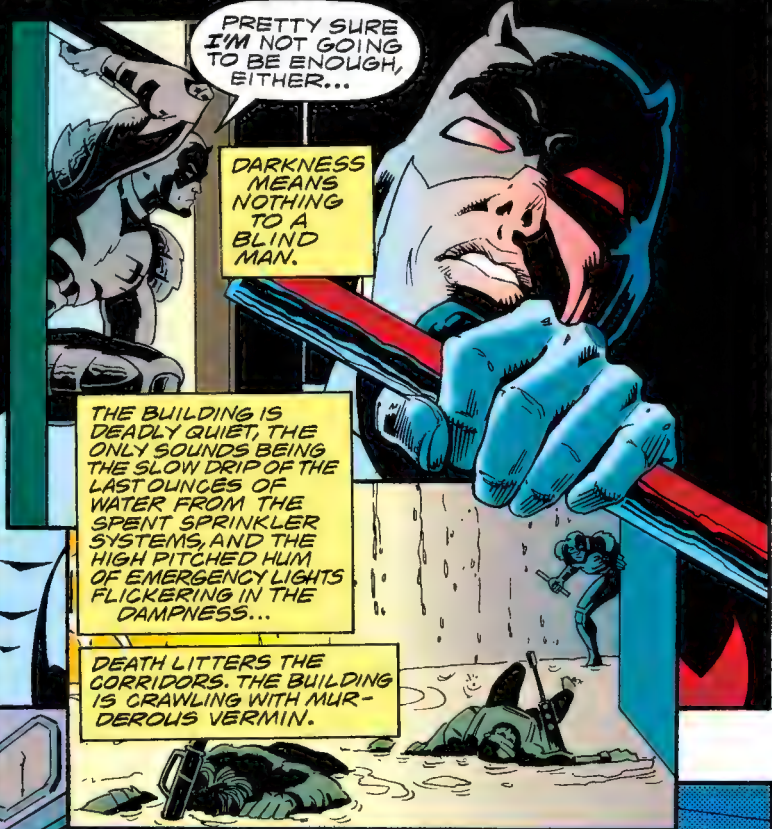


LOOKS LIKE  
THE **BIG BOYS**  
ARE PLAYING IN  
MY BACKYARD.





IT'S GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN A **SPECIALIST** TEAM TO TAKE CARE OF THESE TERRORISTS.

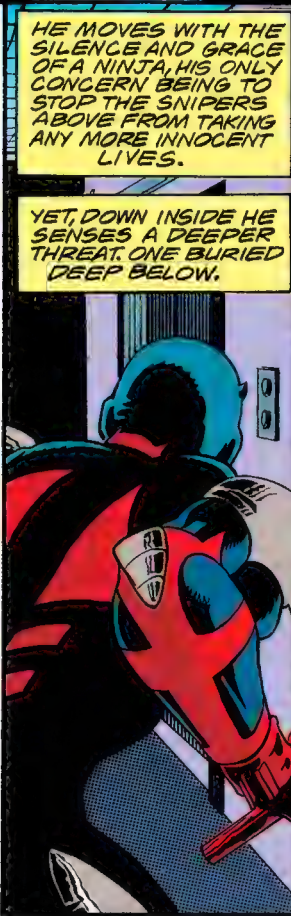


PRETTY SURE I'M NOT GOING TO BE ENOUGH, EITHER...

DARKNESS MEANS NOTHING TO A BLIND MAN.

THE BUILDING IS DEADLY QUIET, THE ONLY SOUNDS BEING THE SLOW DRIP OF THE LAST DROPS OF WATER FROM THE SPENT SPRINKLER SYSTEMS, AND THE HIGH PITCHED HUM OF EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLICKERING IN THE DAMPNESS...

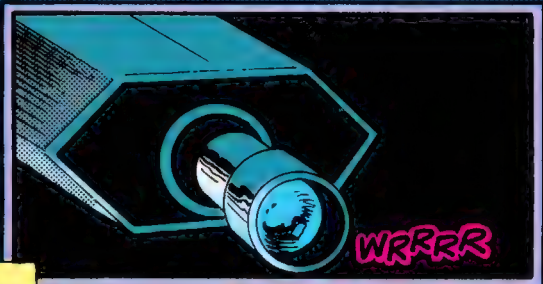
DEATH LITTERS THE CORRIDORS. THE BUILDING IS CRAWLING WITH MURDEROUS VERMIN.



HE MOVES WITH THE SILENCE AND GRACE OF A NINJA, HIS ONLY CONCERN BEING TO STOP THE SNIPERS ABOVE FROM TAKING ANY MORE INNOCENT LIVES.

YET, DOWN INSIDE HE SENSES A DEEPER THREAT. ONE BURIED DEEP BELOW.

ONE THAT HAS SEIZED CONTROL OF THIS "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD."



A SOUND SO SMALL WOULD NEVER BE HEARD BY A SIGHTED MAN.

AND IF IT WAS HEARD, IT WOULD NEVER BE IDENTIFIED.

HE KNOWS HE'S BEING WATCHED..



...AND HE IS READY  
EVEN BEFORE HE  
HEARS THE SOUND  
OF LEATHER RUBBING  
POLISHED STEEL.

HIS ACTIONS  
SPEAK LOUDER  
THAN ANY WORDS.

WHUDD

THOKK

SEE HOW  
YOU LIKE  
BEING  
BLINDED.

ANOTHER ONE.  
THIS ONE MORE  
CAREFUL.

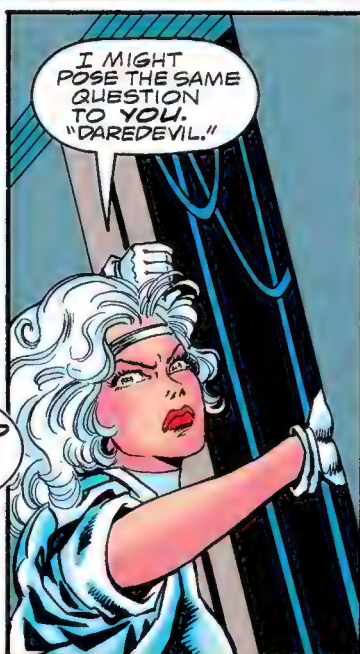
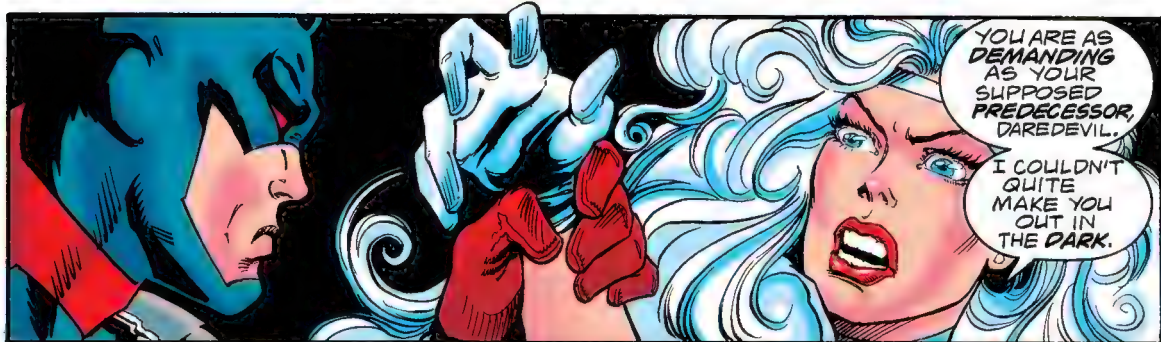
ONLY A HEART-  
BEAT GIVING  
AWAY THE  
HIDING PLACE.

SURPRISE.  
YOU GET TO  
STAY CONSCIOUS.  
I WANT  
INFORMATION--

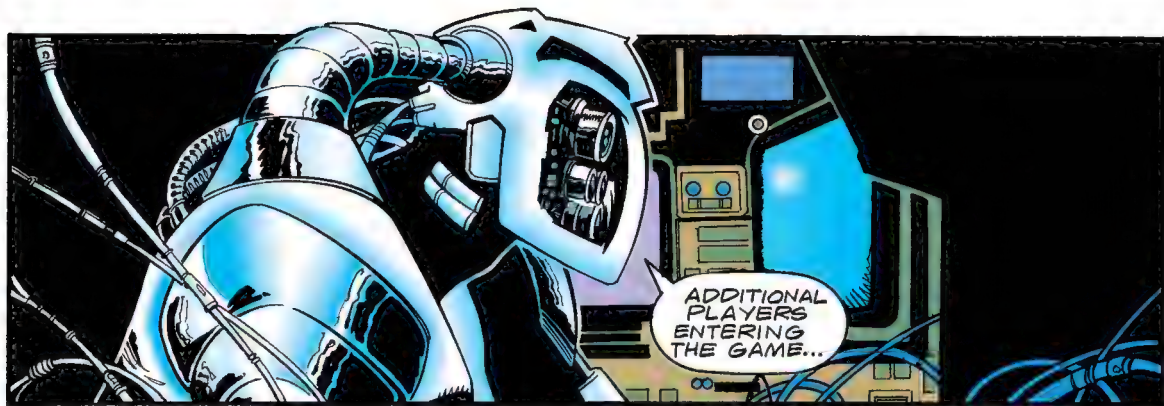
IS THAT  
A FACT?

KRAKK

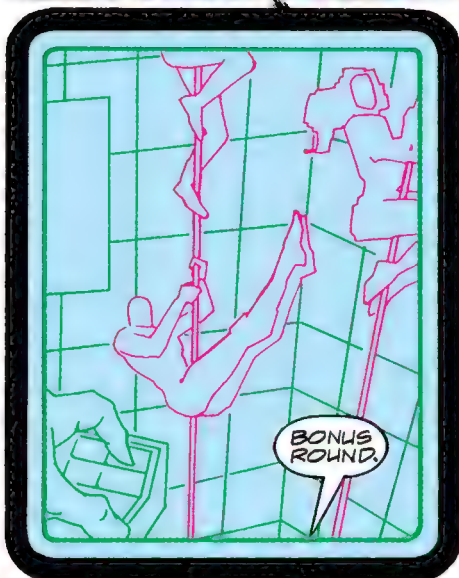








ADDITIONAL  
PLAYERS  
ENTERING  
THE GAME...



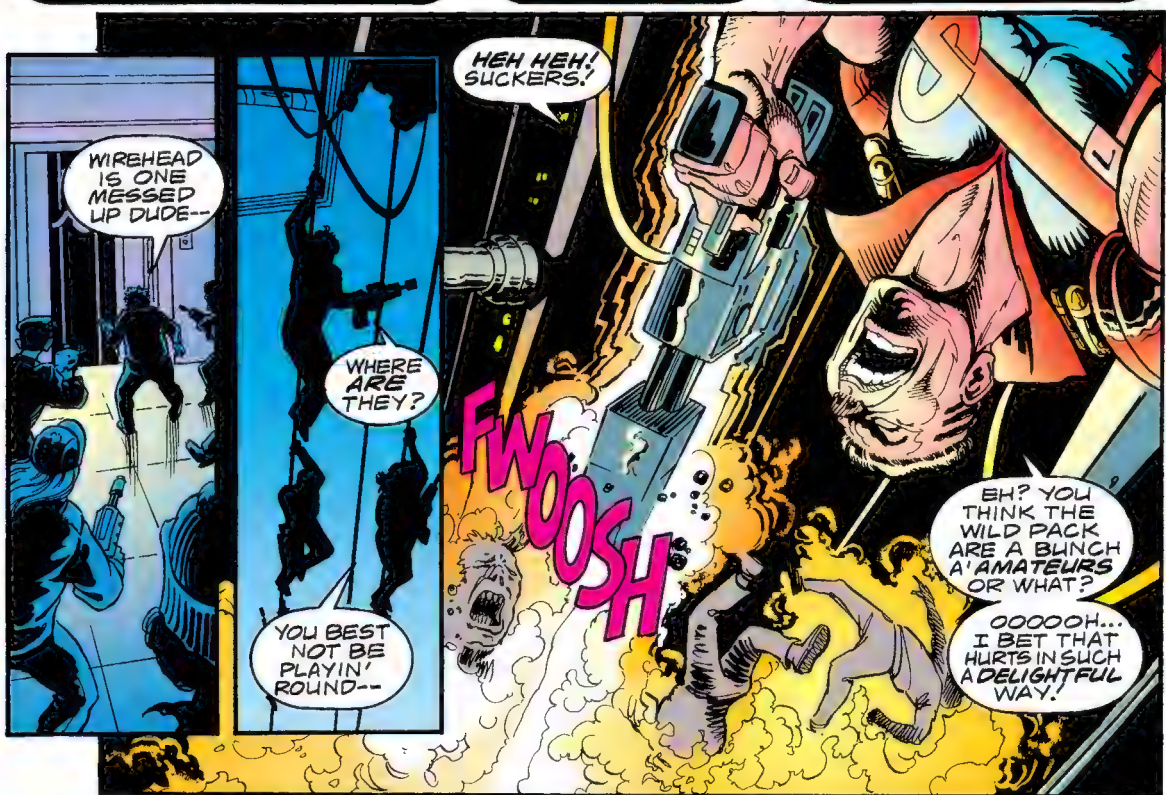
BONUS  
ROUND.



SHZZT



MY KNIGHTS,  
THE ENEMY  
APPROACHES  
FROM THE  
SOUTH TOWER...



WIREHEAD  
IS ONE  
MESSED  
UP DUDE--

HEH HEH!  
SUCKERS?

WHERE  
ARE  
THEY?

YOU BEST  
NOT BE  
PLAYIN'  
ROUND--

FWOOSH

EH? YOU  
THINK THE  
WILD PACK  
ARE A BUNCH  
A' AMATEURS  
OR WHAT?

OOOOOH...  
I BET THAT  
HURTS IN SUCH  
A DELIGHTFUL  
WAY.





LET'S TAKE THEM DOWN!

WISH WE HAD SOME CLUE AS TO WHO THEY ARE.

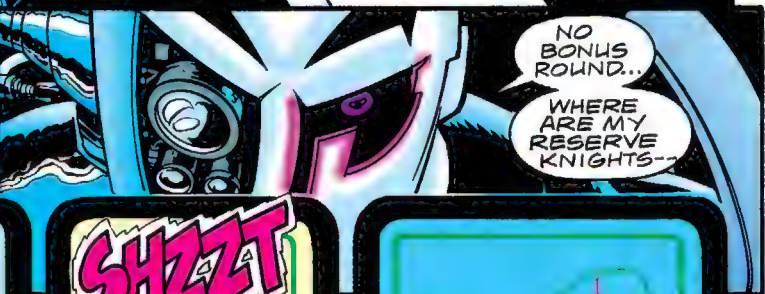
JUST GET BUSY, CUZ.

AH DON'T CARE MUCH WHO THEY ARE, THIS HEAH'S MAH FAVORITE BUILDIN'!

WHILE DOWN IN THE SUB-BASEMENT, DAREDEVIL CAREFULLY STALKS UNKNOWN PREY.

HE IS RELIEVED TO FIND UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING MAINTENANCE WORKERS.

HE LISTENS CLOSELY, TRYING TO DISCERN HIS OPPONENT'S LOCATION BEFORE MOVING FURTHER.



NO BONUS ROUND...

WHERE ARE MY RESERVE KNIGHTS--

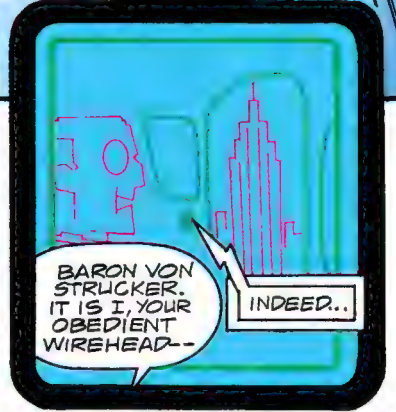


YOU ARE RUINING MY GAME!



SHZZT

I WILL SEEK THE MENTOR'S ADVICE.



BARON VON STRUCKER, IT IS I, YOUR OBEDIENT WIREHEAD--

INDEED..





THIS ROUTINE HAS BEEN COMPROMISED BY UNINVITED PARTICIPANTS--

I'M IMPRESSED YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO HOLD THE BUILDING FOR THIS LONG WITH SUCH MINIMAL EFFORT.

WE HAVE MADE OUR POINT. THE CITY IS OURS TO DO WITH AS WE SEE FIT AND NONE MAY INTERFERE WITH ANY EFFECTIVENESS.



PULL OUT AT YOUR DISCRETION, AND DO NOT ATTEMPT RESCUE OF ANY WHO WERE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO GET CAUGHT. THEY ARE NO LONGER WORTHY OF MY HYDRA.



I CAN REACH THE BONUS ROUND WITHIN--

-- EIGHT FEET TO THE REAR, ANOTHER PLAYER ENTERS THE FIELD...



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT THIS BUILDING IS NO LONGER YOURS!

RUN ANALYSIS ON OPPONENT--

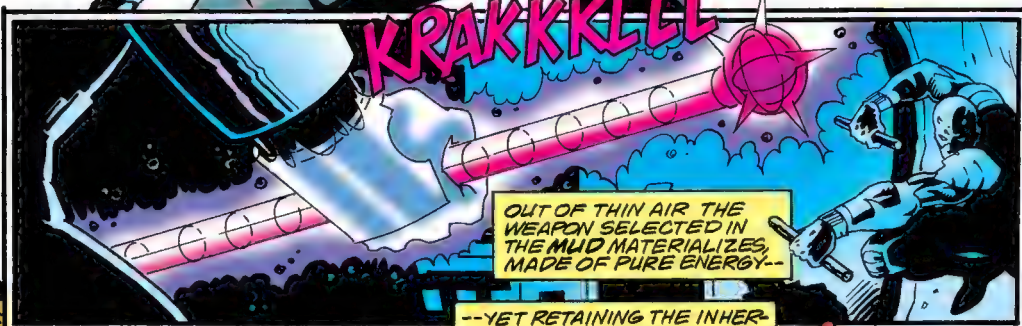
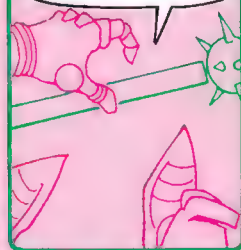




ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEFEAT OF MY KNIGHTS UP ON THE SOUTH TOWER?

YOUR WHAT? IF YOU MEAN THE **SNIPERS**, THEN NO, THAT HONOR WENT TO AN ASSOCIATE--

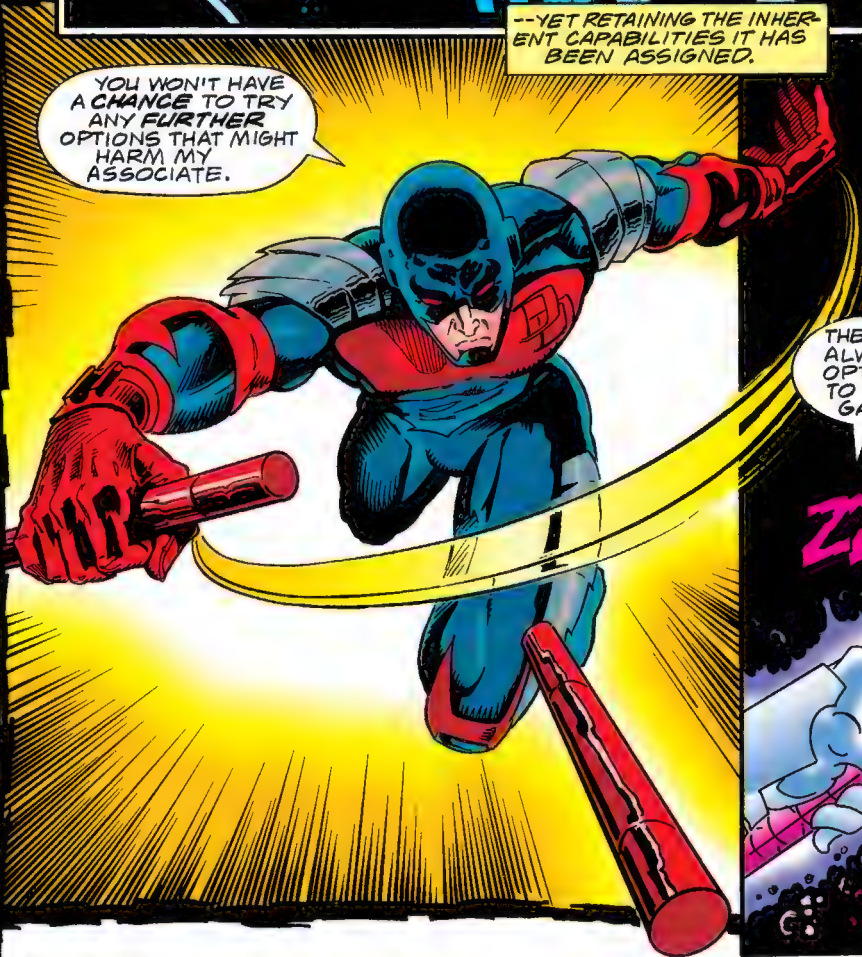
I HAVE OTHER OPTIONS TO REGAIN CONTROL.



OUT OF THIN AIR THE WEAPON SELECTED IN THE MUD MATERIALIZES, MADE OF PURE ENERGY--

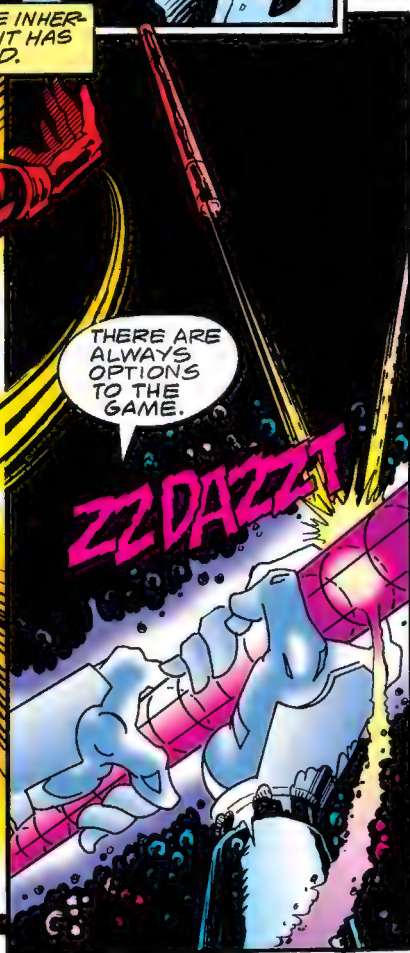
--YET RETAINING THE INHERENT CAPABILITIES IT HAS BEEN ASSIGNED.

YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TRY ANY **FURTHER** OPTIONS THAT MIGHT HARM MY ASSOCIATE.

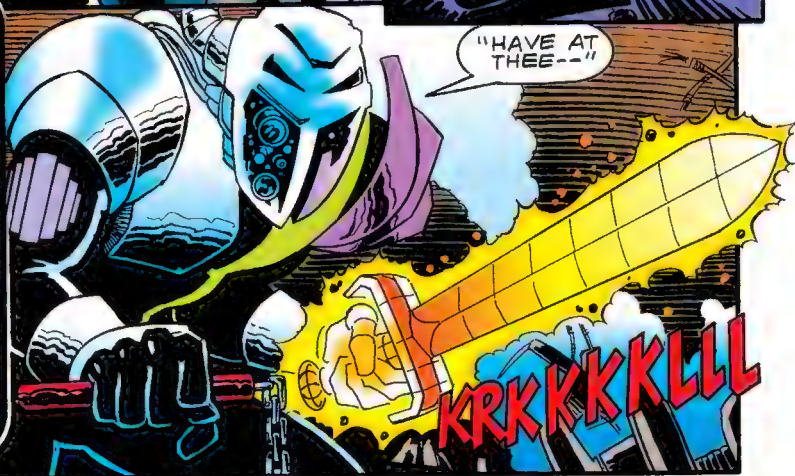
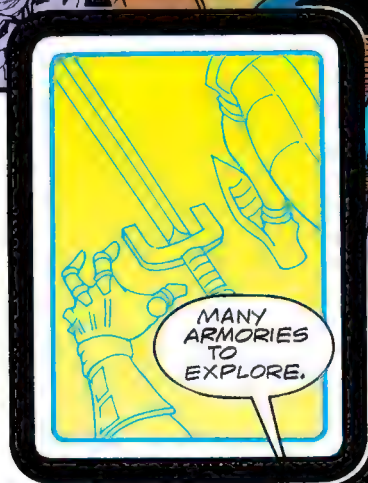
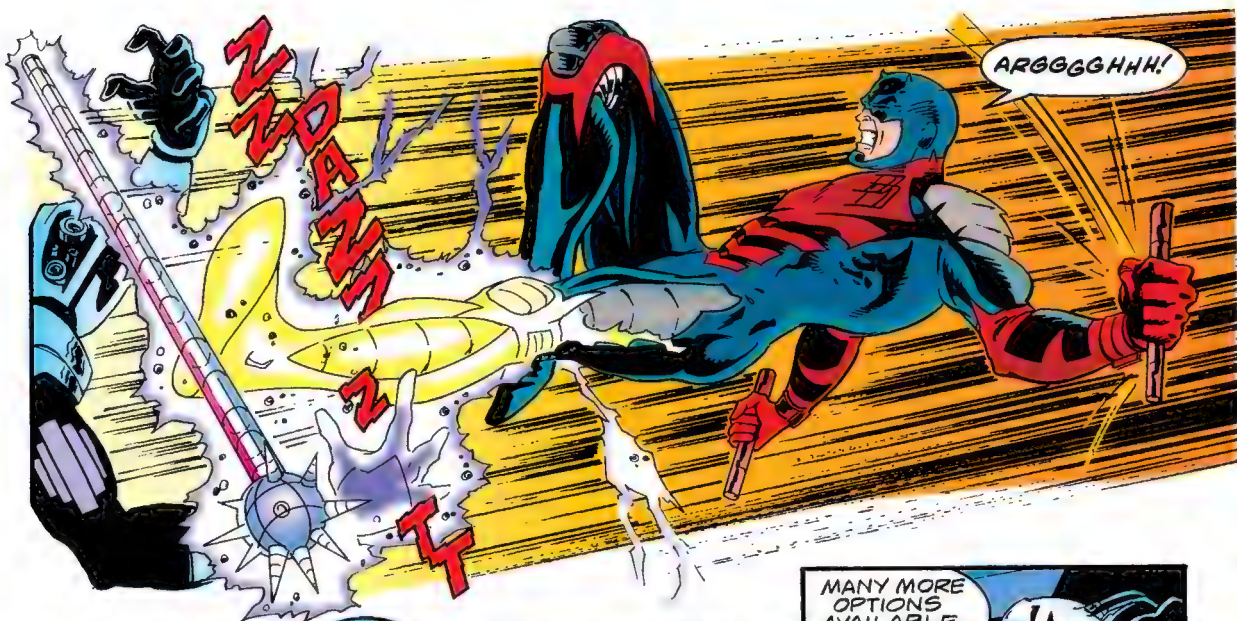


THERE ARE ALWAYS OPTIONS TO THE GAME.

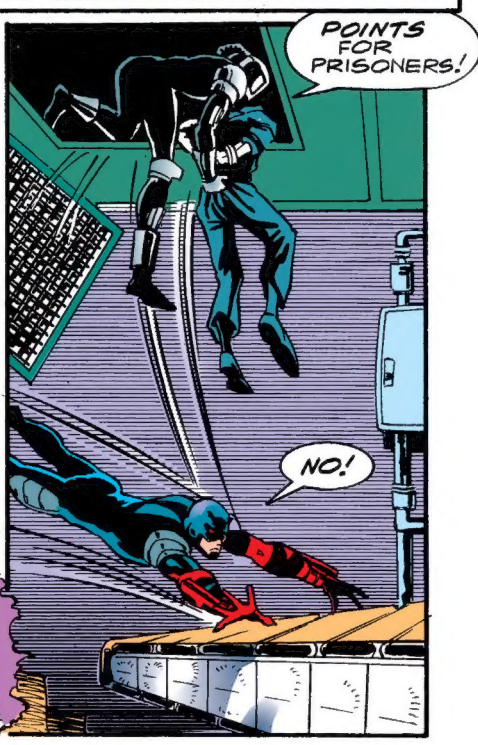
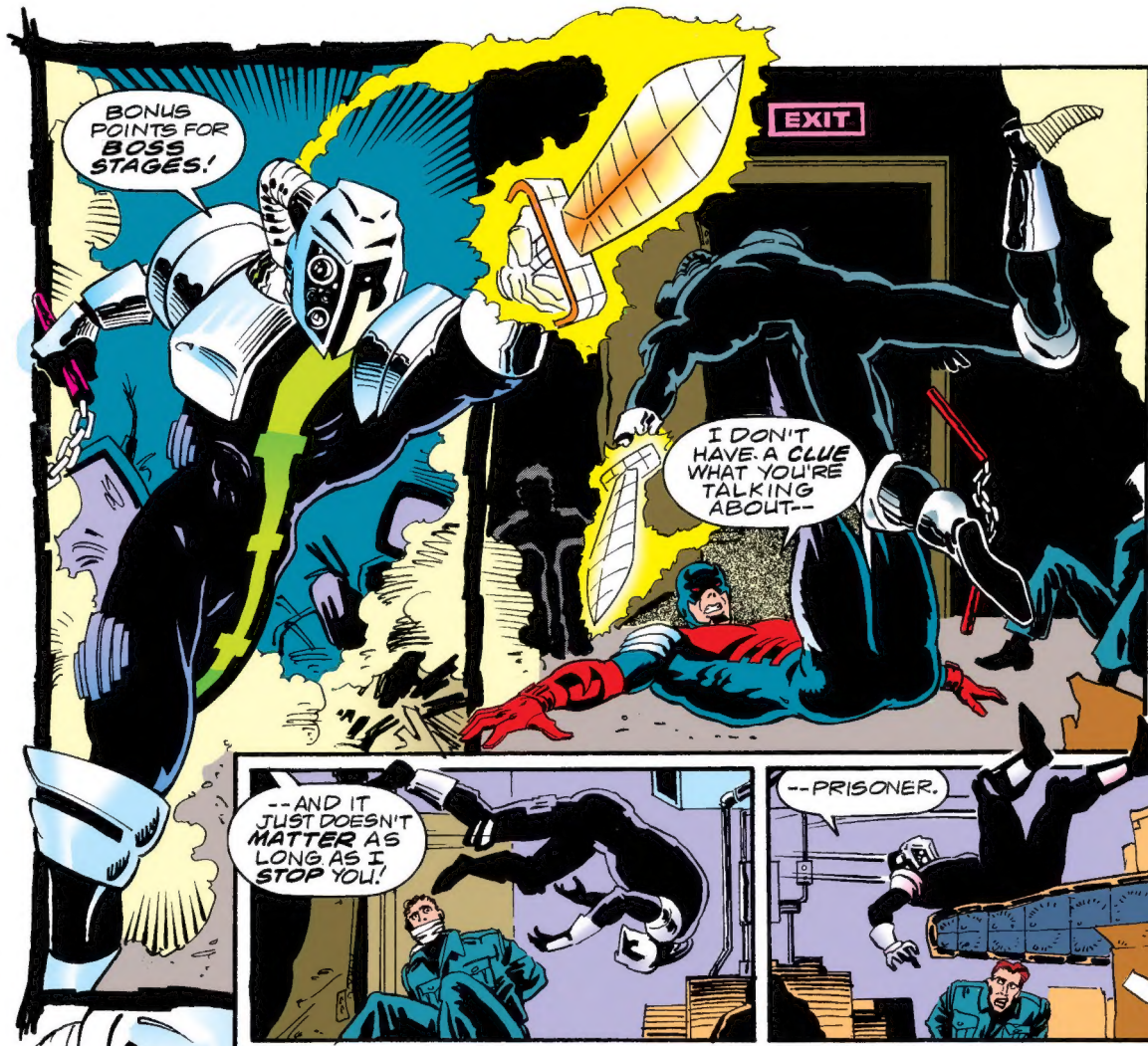
ZZ DAZZT











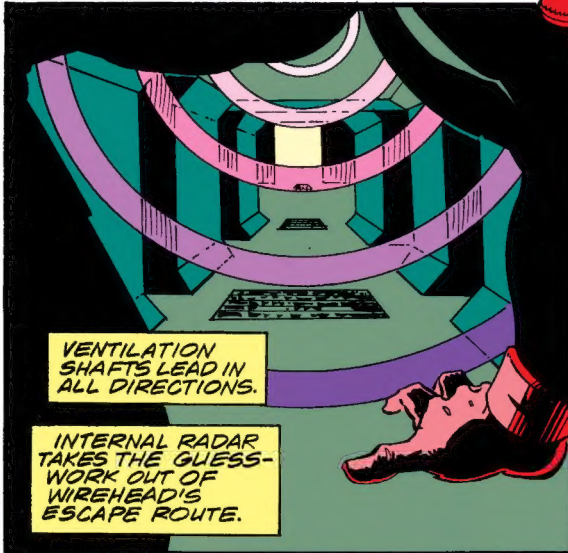




POINTS? STAGES? KNIGHTS? THIS GUY IS NOT IN THE SAME WORLD AS I AM.



WELL, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, MY FRIEND.



VENTILATION SHAFTS LEAD IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

INTERNAL RADAR TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF WIREHEAD'S ESCAPE ROUTE.



ULTRA-SENSITIVE OLFACTORY SENSES CATCH THE SCENT OF OXYGEN BEING CONSUMED LONG BEFORE THE HEAT OF THE FLAME MAKES ITSELF KNOWN.



A LESSER MAN WOULD BE BURNED ALIVE.

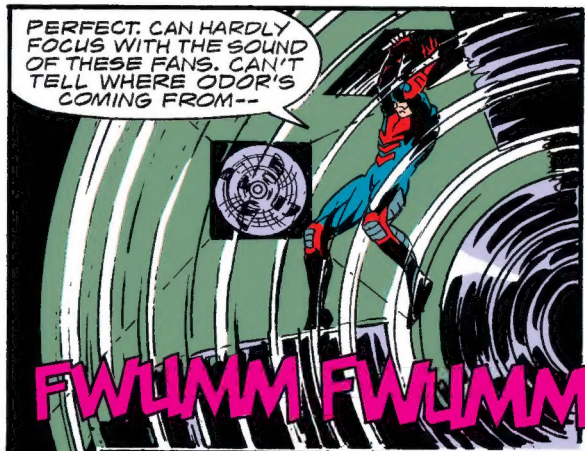
I KNOW WHERE HE IS-- HOW DOES HE KNOW WHERE I AM?



BOSS DEMON LOCATED. QUERY: HOW IS HE TRACKING ME?

PERHAPS BY SOUND?





PERFECT. CAN HARDLY  
FOCUS WITH THE SOUND  
OF THESE FANS. CAN'T  
TELL WHERE ODOR'S  
COMING FROM--



NEW  
OPTION  
IMPLEMENTED  
DEMON.



OH LORD,  
NO! HELP!  
SOMEONE  
TURN  
THESE  
OFF!!

**FWUUMM FWUUMM FWUUMM FWUUMM**



NICE  
DIVERSION.

**WHUNK BEEEEEEEEEE**



HELP!

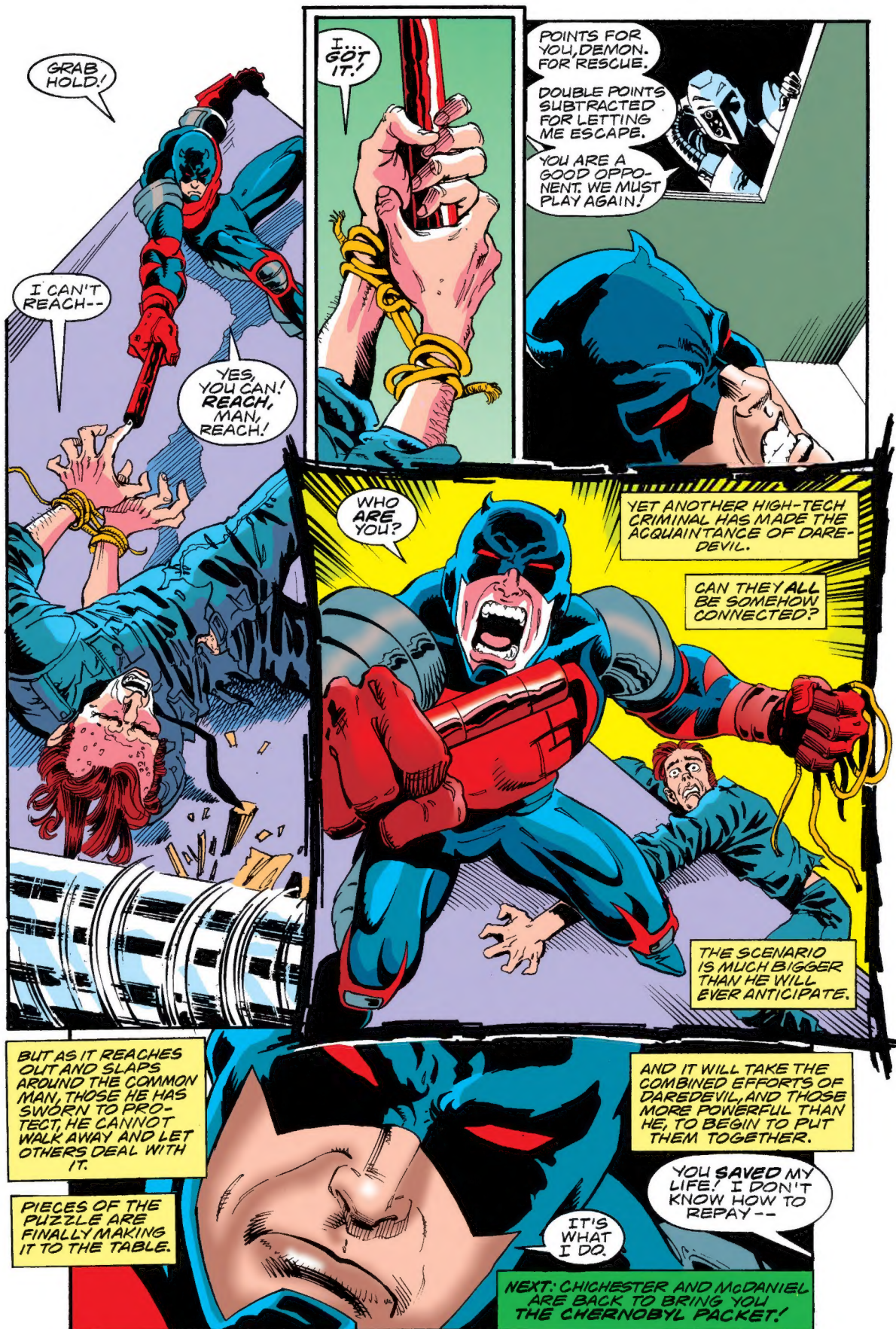
YAH!! HOW  
DOES THIS GUY  
PULL WHATEVER  
HE NEEDS OUT  
OF THIN AIR?



HANG  
ON--STAY  
WITH ME!

I CAN'T GET  
ANY TRACTION!  
THESE FANS ARE  
GONNA CHOP  
ME UP!





GRAB  
HOLD!

I CAN'T  
REACH--

YES,  
YOU CAN!  
REACH,  
MAN,  
REACH!

I...  
GOT  
IT!

POINTS FOR  
YOU, DEMON.  
FOR RESCUE.

DOUBLE POINTS  
SUBTRACTED  
FOR LETTING  
ME ESCAPE.

YOU ARE A  
GOOD OPPO-  
NENT. WE MUST  
PLAY AGAIN!

WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

YET ANOTHER HIGH-TECH  
CRIMINAL HAS MADE THE  
ACQUAINTANCE OF DARE-  
DEVIL.

CAN THEY ALL  
BE SOMEHOW  
CONNECTED?

THE SCENARIO  
IS MUCH BIGGER  
THAN HE WILL  
EVER ANTICIPATE.

BUT AS IT REACHES  
OUT AND SLAPS  
AROUND THE COMMON  
MAN, THOSE HE HAS  
SWORN TO PRO-  
TECT, HE CANNOT  
WALK AWAY AND LET  
OTHERS DEAL WITH  
IT.

PIECES OF THE  
PUZZLE ARE  
FINALLY MAKING  
IT TO THE TABLE.

AND IT WILL TAKE THE  
COMBINED EFFORTS OF  
DAREDEVIL, AND THOSE  
MORE POWERFUL THAN  
HE, TO BEGIN TO PUT  
THEM TOGETHER.

YOU SAVED MY  
LIFE! I DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO  
REPAY--

IT'S  
WHAT  
I DO.

NEXT: CHICHESTER AND MCDANIEL  
ARE BACK TO BRING YOU  
THE CHERNOBYL PACKET!